

The Missionary Helper

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FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

DORIS ELIZABETH FOLSOM, EDITOR

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Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to
their need.

—Wordsworth's, "Ode to Duty."



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

"Of what shall a man be proud if he is not proud of his friends?" This month it seems especially fitting that we should remember these words of Robert Louis Stevenson, for this is the MISSIONARY HELPER's particular "Storer number." There in West Virginia we have a number of friends—friends who are working, and with whom we work, to make Storer College a success, and to make Storer's graduates ready to meet life cheerfully and fairly, and to deal with life successfully and wisely and well. . . . There in Harper's Ferry we have, too, friends of another color, who, during school life and following graduation, have proved their ability and their worth. We can but be proud of our friends who have thus willingly heard our country's call and gone forth in answer. It is a fine reputation that our colored forces have made in the war, and we are glad that our Storer men are numbered among these. . . . THE HELPER brings a glimpse of news from Storer which our long-time editor would have read with interest, for near to her heart lay Storer and its students and teachers. Storer will ever miss her active interest in its welfare and its doing, but at this time other friends must and will add to their own interest a share of her thought and care for this part of our Field.

The message in "Our Quiet Hour" for this month tends to make us realize anew the principle of missions. It awakens our desire to grow beyond our ability to "think of humanity only in terms of pale-faces," and to recognize all mankind as brother and sister. It arouses the missionary interest to supply the world need of "a religion with a powerful sense of solidarity."

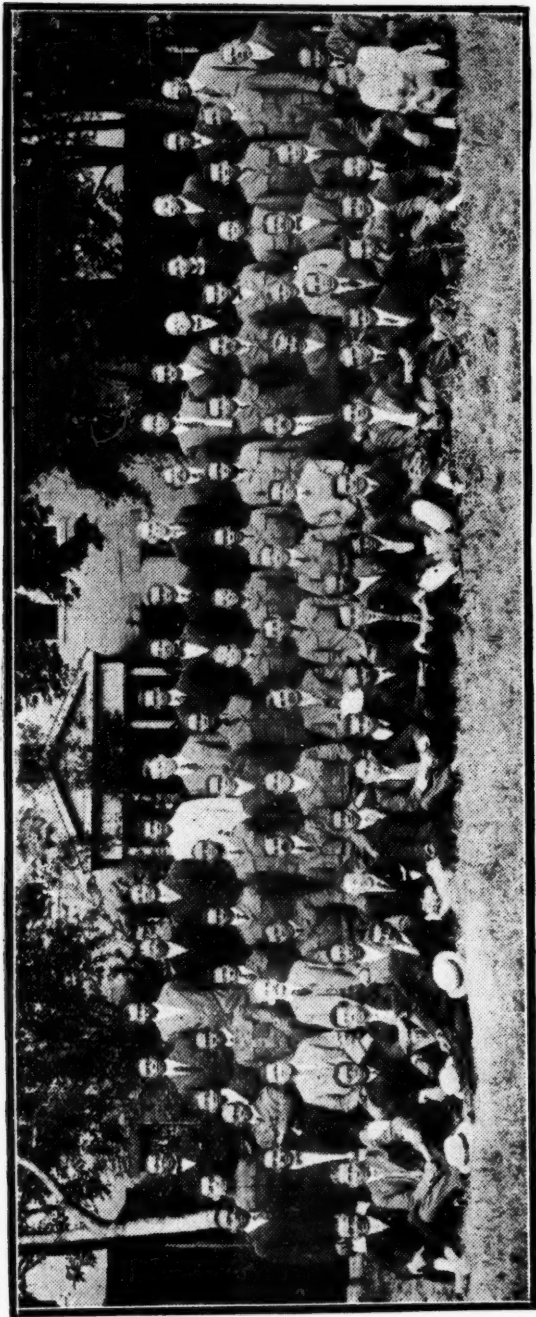
We are sad to learn of the death of Mrs. Ager. We cannot fully realize what her loss will mean to our India friends, but we do have the highest appreciation of her important and faithful work in our foreign field. Her husband and those with whom she was in personal touch have the deep sympathy of the "Helper friends," as we know in part what her going from us means.

There is a story of a poor, blind woman in Paris who put an offering of twenty-seven francs into the plate at a missionary meeting. "You cannot afford so much," said one. "Yes, sir, I can," she answered. When urged to explain, she said, "I am blind, and I asked my fellow-straw-workers, 'How much money do you spend in a year for oil in your lamps,

when it is too dark to work nights?' They answered that they spent twenty-seven francs. So I found that I save so much in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp, and I give it to shed light to the dark heathen lands." There is one great lesson for each of us in this little story—the poor blind woman appreciated the opportunity for helping and she *found her way* to give her offering. Her will and her desire sought and found the means and the way. To each of us there comes this month a call to service—a call to realize our missionary responsibility and our definite method of action. Each heart answers the call with thanks for our individual blessings, and with appreciation for privileges and joys and for a world victory for the right. But most of all, the thanks should come that we have been privileged to be God's people, God's chosen people to carry and to send His message to the world. And in answer we should give material thanks, our earnest and sincere offering to God in extending His work and His words. . . . This year, as usual, the Thank Offering meetings will be held, and as usual the invitations and envelopes will be distributed upon application to Miss Porter. In the April issue of the HELPER other suggestions for programs and meetings will be given. "God crowns money with a sacred dignity, not only in His Word, but also by the distinguished place He has given it in His plan for the redemption of the World." Let us see to it that we do not allow our use or our investment of money to lessen this dignity which God has accorded to the portion which is ours!

"Help me, O Lord, to give Thee from time to time some special gift that shall bring to my inner soul the rewarding sense of Thine approval."

"Dr. Schauffier's definition of money is helpful. He says, 'Money is stored up personal energy.' He also compares it to the electric power in a storage battery, 'so long as it is in storage it does nothing. Loosed and applied it is an uncomputed power for the tearing down or the upbuilding of Christ's Kingdom.'"



Third Y. M. C. A. Secretaries' Conference
Storer College, 1918.

STORER'S MEN IN THE SERVICE

BY HENRY T. McDONALD,
President of Storer.

These are the days when "the boys come home" and all are interested in those who have gone from their midst. It is so at Storer. We have had nearly, or quite one hundred and ten with the colors, and probably the record is still incomplete, though considerable effort has been expended in the attempt to get trace of every son in this institution who wears or has worn the khaki or blue. One of the very stirring experiences of the home coming days was a chapel address given by Dr. Paul Diggs, '12. He had just returned from the front and said that while he had had what he called four welcomes to the home land, he would not have felt truly at home if he had not come up to Storer to see the friends here. He told of the crimes of the Huns, which he had seen and experienced, of how they gave no attention to the Red Cross, which he and all medical men wore, and how in sheer self defense, it became common practice for medical men acting as litter carriers and ambulance workers to put no trust in wounded Germans, for they were as likely to kill, if possible, members of the Medical Corps, as anyone else.

An interesting side light on army life has been made known by a letter from Dr. Layton J. Wheaton, dental worker, who said that in the front line drives made through the Argonne, when men were told to get under shelter, there was real Democracy on the part of the southern officers commanding, for then they all ate, hid, waited and slept together; and when in the mad chase for the dugout some fleet footed colored boy got to the van, a loud chorus of "wait for me" was apt to break forth from the white officers.

Now the real and vital question uppermost in the minds of many colored troops and their friends is, how far and how genuine is to be the democracy awarded the colored soldiers on the home land soil. All of the boys speak in unstinted appreciation of the hospitality shown by the French people, and yet there is not one who has indicated the slightest thought of remaining in that land of more complete racial democracy. All are anxious to see the Statue of Liberty as soon as possible.

Thus far there is only one gold star on our flag, and we pray it may rest alone.

The picture of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries accompanying this article

will indicate a form of service, which Storer has been rendering for the past three years. This picture is the Third Conference held here and including a considerable number of men who served or are now serving in the army. They will come again in June for the fourth conference. Theirs is a form of religious education vitally in keeping with the ideas we wish to emphasize.

It is needless to say that we have felt the pinch of the war. But we shall come through the experience with a clearer conception of the meaning of racial co-operation and racial worth. Men and women will come to be classified and judged according to units and not mere masses. In time the men and women of America will come to understand that the aggregate of the best effort of a people is what endures and that such aggregate is the real worth of the best thinkers, noblest workers and leaders with a vision that is constructive and sane.

AN INCIDENT OF A CONVENTION

By Lura B. Lightner

It was a notable body of men and women that made up the audience of the fifteenth annual session of the National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools, held in our chapel last summer. Teachers, war workers, professional men and women, and visitors, they had come from practically every state in the union. Many were from the heart of the southland, where bitter, unreasoning prejudice still holds sway. Earnest, but repressed in speech, they contrasted strongly with the outspoken frankness of some from other sections.

An unconscious revelation of "the bonds under which they labor" was illustrated by the incredulous surprise and joy with which the welcome address sent by Hon. M. P. Shawkey, our State Superintendent of Schools, was received. I quote the closing paragraphs:

"Our natural resources and our commercial prowess, however, are not our highest boast. We are mountaineers and lovers of liberty. We believe in equality of opportunity for every man and have demonstrated our belief in our social customs and our laws. Some of you come from States where it has been a struggle to secure public support for schools

to educate Negro children, but in West Virginia our State law has charged local boards of education particularly that it is their duty to provide adequate school facilities for the children of colored parents. Some of you come from States where the legislatures have refused to appropriate for colored institutions in proportion to the colored population as compared with the white. The West Virginia Legislature for many years has not only made appropriations for the colored institutions of the State equal to the appropriations made for white institutions, but on the per capita basis the appropriations have been nearly twice as large for the colored as for the white. Some of you come from States where colored teachers receive only half or two-thirds as much as white teachers, but in West Virginia a colored teacher and a white teacher with the same grade of certificate, teaching in the same district, receive the same salary, and it so happens that taking the State as a whole the grade of certificates among colored teachers averages a little higher than among white, and as a consequence this State actually pays its colored teachers a higher average of salary than it pays its white teachers. This is not done because of any favoritism toward the colored teachers. We do not believe they ask for such favors. We understand that an equal opportunity is all they desire and that we ought to guarantee fully, and then if it happens that they make more out of it than some of the white teachers make out of their opportunities neither blame nor censure attaches to the State. I do not have exact statistics at hand, but I think I am not mistaken in saying that the average earning power of the colored man in West Virginia is a little higher than it is in any other State in the Union. This is due to the fact that he has had a proper opportunity both educationally and industrially for many years and he has made the right kind of use of it.

I trust that these few facts will satisfy you that you are not in the enemy's country, but that the spirit of West Virginia is conducive to the best results of such a meeting as you are having, and I trust that your stay may not only be pleasant but highly profitable, and that your deliberations may result in great good and that you may like our

mountain state so well that you will return for another meeting in the not distant future."

At the conclusion several were on their feet at once to ask the chairman if these claims were really true. The cordial assurance of our West Virginia teachers that they were gave us a thrill of pride in our Mountain State.

These are stirring days. The present is full of problems. Theories will not solve them. Each section must work them out for themselves, and bear the consequences if they fail to reason correctly.

The future is full of promise and of peril. May wisdom and justice triumph.

LIFE IN LINCOLN HALL

By Alice M. Metcalf



LINCOLN HALL

Among the many changes that have come to Storer this year on account of war conditions, perhaps the most radical was the removal of the girls from Myrtle Hall, which had been their beloved home all these years, to Lincoln Hall. The boys then moved to Myrtle Hall, whose sacred precincts they had never before been allowed to enter except by special permission.

It was only natural that both parties were disturbed by the change, but as young people easily adjust themselves to new conditions, it was not long before Lincoln Hall became a home to the girls, and the boys found Myrtle as attractive as in other days.

The change was made necessary for economic reasons. Our boys were fast leaving for various camps, so that the number was every day lessening. On the other hand, the number of girls increased. The dining room in Lincoln Hall was sufficiently large to accommodate the whole school. So the kitchen and dining room in Myrtle Hall were abandoned, and all came together daily in Lincoln. This change has been pleasing to the student body, and relieves the treasury of the upkeep of an extra kitchen. Then, too, we were able to make room for two teachers who had been living at the Lockwood.

Rev. and Mrs. Arter are in charge at Myrtle Hall, while Miss Smith holds her position as Superintendent of Lincoln Hall. Six teachers find a home in our Hall,—Misses Smith, Benedict, Coe, Church, Nason, and Mrs. Metcalf.

Many of our readers know the location of Lincoln Hall, and can appreciate the beautiful views up and down the Shenandoah. In the morning the sunlight comes streaming in at our windows as the sun rises over Londen, and we would indeed have lost all sense of the grand and beautiful, who could not appreciate the refining influence such scenery must have on the lives of those who daily view it.

Early in the year, the epidemic reached Harper's Ferry. All other schools in town were closed, but we were only quarantined, and our work was allowed to go on. We had eighteen mild cases of Influenza. All were well cared for, and were without serious results. We kept the students in the open air as much as possible, even having classes on the Campus. The mild weather was favorable for this. When the "flu" had passed, then came the task of making up lessons, which was hard for both teachers and pupils. The beginning of the second semester found us in a normal condition and ready for advance work.

Lincoln Hall has a large gymnasium which the boys use on alter-

nate days. In this room, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons, the girls work off their surplus energy in various ways. Here, too, social functions are held. The great event, thus far, has been the Boys' Party, held on Washington's Birthday.

For this great preparation was made. A program, of toasts and music, was rendered. Then all went to the dining room and were served to patriotic dishes, such as "Drafted Chicken Salad, Armistice Rolls, and Pershing Coffee." A social hour then followed.

Several years ago Mrs. Jenness fitted up a Y. M. C. A. room in memory of her husband. It is an attractive room, furnished with an organ and suitable furniture. It was hard for the boys to give this up, but what was their loss has been gain to the girls, for here Miss Coe leads the Y. W. C. A. and also has classes in Red Cross work.

The girls' sitting room is very attractive. Just now Miss Coe is conducting a Mission Study class, using the curios which recently came to us from the Bureau of Missionary Intelligence.

What shall I say of the various activities of the girls? Every morning the halls are swept and dusted, rooms are inspected, dishes washed for ninety students, and the dining room is swept. By this time the bell rings for school, and all is quiet until twelve o'clock, when the bell on the Fort rings the welcome call to lunch. At one o'clock the key is turned in the door, and silence reigns until four P. M., when the hall again resounds with the merry laughter of sixty girls.

Saturday the Hall is a veritable bee hive—with some drones of course. Rooms are thoroughly cleaned, laundry work done, extra scrubbing required—often personal service—but all are happy. The girls enjoy the new electric irons which have been provided.

The evenings from seven to ten are devoted to study, but we have occasional lectures, concerts, and movies. The school is the happy possessor of a moving picture machine. Thus far our pictures have been educational rather than sensational. We feel that the machine is a valuable acquisition to the school.

This week we have been glad to welcome an old student who has

seen nine months service at the front. Dr. Paul A. Diggs had the honor of being a member of the Medical Corps of the 357 Field Artillery, 92nd Division, the only colored Field Artillery in the United States. He related his experiences on the fighting line in a thrilling manner, and read a poem which he wrote when lost in a German dugout, never expecting to see daylight again. He is the first to come back to us, though others are still "over seas" and we hope for their speedy return.

These are busy days. Declamatory contests, debates, and class programs leave little time for frivolities. Commencement is only ten weeks away and when it shall have come, we may well look back upon a year of advancement, in spite of war conditions.

TREASURER'S NOTES

As we write, the "Financial Statement for nine months, ending December 31, 1918, of the United Foreign Apportionment for New England" is before us. Will not the Secretary of each New England Woman's Missionary Society write Miss Hilda L. Olson, 18 Creighton Street, Providence, asking for one? "You will find your church on the list" and thus may "note its Foreign apportionment, and also what has been paid to date. The difference is what your church owes." Will it meet this obligation and meet the balance in full, and close the year with honor? Will you see what you *personally* can do about it?"

Let us pause, and read carefully the following: "Last year, because of the delinquent payments of the churches, an average of more than *one thousand dollars* a month was paid in interest on Borrowed Funds, that we might meet our responsibilities in the Foreign Field."

As we continue to turn the pages of this folder leaflet, we will quote: "Time to send remittances to the Treasurer? March and September, June and December 15th. By remitting then your payment will come within the quarter. . . . Your church is one link in our great missionary chain around the world. A chain is as strong as its weakest link. How strong is *your link* in this chain? . . . The last command given us by Christ was, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel!' When you meet Him and He asks, '*Did ye go?*' what will your answer be? You can go with your prayers, your money, and yourself!"

Continuing we give a portion of the letter of Miss Olson which accompanies the Financial Statement: "Knowledge of the needs and conditions of the world today opens up a door before us for opportunity, the like of which the world has never before known. The whole world is calling 'Come and help us.' This World War has opened our eyes as never before to the whole world's need of the Gospel to heal its sin and make it one. Can we fail God at this time? This new world that is being evolved out of all this past turmoil and chaos will need Him as no other world has ever needed a Saviour. We must give as our Country calls, but that giving, like the War, is a thing of the present and is passing. Some day it will be a matter of History. When God calls and we give to the Evangelism of the world we give to Eternity."

"Three quarters are now ended. Only one quarter of the Missionary year remains. The time is short! What do you choose to do about this? Not how much of my money will I give to God, but how much of God's money will I keep for myself?"

A letter from Dr. Mary Bacheler, dated December 15th, speaks of the illness of several children, and others of the Orphanage family, who need thought and care, and of the coming to her of one of the missionaries who was ill. Dr. Mary says: "We are looking after her minutely in detail," adding; "Right finely she is repaying our care, and more. She goes home tomorrow." Meanwhile death has come to us and taken our dear friend and worker, Mrs. Ager. (Mrs. Ager at one time had charge of the schools at Midnapore, which our F. B. W. M. S. was supporting.) The morning of the eleventh, while getting ready to go to Calcutta to meet her daughter Minnie, she had an apoplectic shock, and died the next morning. Our two Teacher Training girls, Josmoni and Promodini, will be back tomorrow, and Bipin and her little ones are coming to stay over Christmas."

We are sorry that "crops in many parts of India have failed this year through insufficient rain, and because of this a bad famine is likely to occur next year."

We are glad to think of Miss Amy Coe as back at Storer, and Mrs. Metcalf also.

Let us, by promptly forwarding our Bengal-Orissa and Storer gifts, help a fully met Budget *before* March 31, the date of the closing financial year.

Cordially yours,

EDYTH R. PORTER.

47 Andover Street, Peabody, Mass.

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

Of course you have all been annoyed by the irregularity with which you have been receiving—or not receiving—THE HELPER of late. So let me say at the beginning of my notes that we believe all this annoyance is behind us, and that from now on our subscribers may again count on receiving their paper regularly, the early days of each month.

If ever a person had arranged for the continuance of a work from which she expected to be called, that person was Mrs. Whitcomb in her arrangements for the continuance of THE HELPER. Everything was looked out for and provided for, so that when she should receive her call, the magazine would go on appearing in the same way. The Woman's Missionary Society, the Publication committee, the assistant editor and the subscription agent had no other thought or expectation. And then you all know what happened. For weeks no HELPER appeared. All sorts of apprehensions were rife. All sorts of inquiries were coming to us and to the committee. But it was a situation quite beyond our control, and had to do only with the mechanical end of the work. How much of it was due to the re-adjustment in labor conditions occasioned by the armistice, we cannot tell. This is certain, that for the sake of bringing to end the slaughter over there: we are all willing to undergo quite a bit of inconvenience incident on the return of the soldiers to civilian life.

As for THE HELPER itself, suffice it to say that we are continuing, as Mrs. Whitcomb wanted us to continue, to publish it. If ever it is decided that the days of the usefulness of THE HELPER are at an end, it will be discontinued in a businesslike, honorable manner, as she would have wished it discontinued. But the day of the discontinuing is not yet. Its coming will be determined by the constituency of THE HELPER, and not by any other factor, although, of course, it will devolve always on the F. B. W. M. S. to carry out the desire expressed by the constituency of the magazine.

Now to immediate business. Subscriptions have not been coming in as rapidly as bills. With the irregularity of appearance, perhaps this was not to be wondered at. But now that the regular appearance is again assured, please hurry, and send in your subscriptions. We need them, every one, and a lot more besides for the Sustaining Fund.

There was some mistake in the reckoning about the January HELPERS, and not all subscribers were supplied. If there be subscribers who would be willing to return their copies to our office after they have read them, we can forward them to the readers who so far have been without. This is only what we are all asked to do in war times, and the war is not yet far enough behind to release us from much that is entailed.

Cordially,
A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

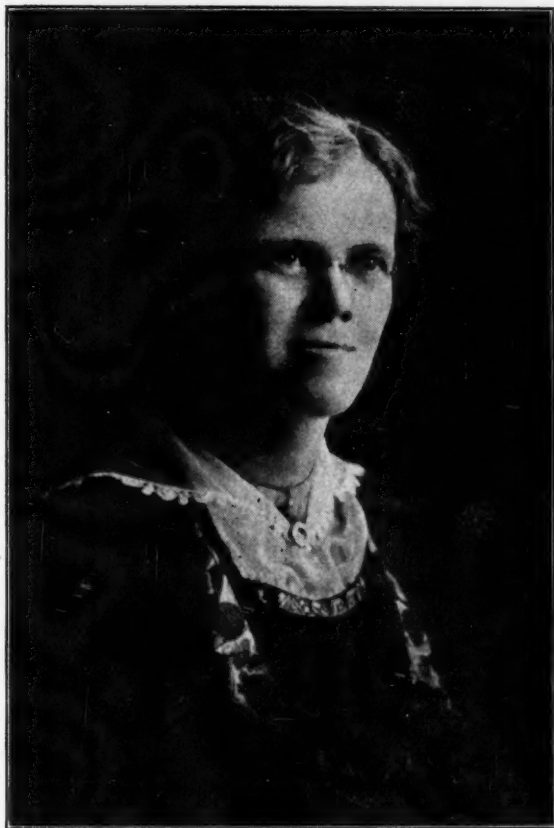
MY MISSIONARY CONVERSION AND ITS RESULT.

MISS SADIE B. GOWEN

My case must have been a radical conversion. The only teaching I remember having on the subject was that "There are plenty of heathen at home."

The best of everything that life has given me came during the first nine years while I had my mother. I do not count any years so valuable as those when she was my teacher. However, in a rural community in Maine 'though there was a then prosperous church at our very doors foreign missions was a subject I almost never heard mentioned. The first missionary I recall having seen or heard is Rev. R. D. Frost, when I was about seventeen years old. The only thing I remember about his address is a funny story he told about the language.

During three years of inactivity following an illness. I was in Portland, and there life began anew. The associations with Plymouth F. B. Church awakened a response to my mother's early teachings. The C. E. Society connected with that church held the state banner for missionary activity. There was a good missionary library connected with the C. E. Society. I became librarian, and somebody, I wish I knew who, made me feel I ought to read all those books in order to recommend them to others. I truly absorbed that library. I flourished on the struggles upward from small beginnings, which I found recorded, until the gift of a worth while life to God's service seemed the only thing in the world worth living for.



SADIE B. GOWEN

I had not finished High School. When I returned to Maine Central Institute some of the students I had known there had finished college and returned as teachers. It wasn't easy, and I had to work my way, but I saw India on ahead. When college for me became impossible the vision faded. I had the strongest convictions that no one had any business on the foreign field without college training. After teaching a little I went to Moody Institute in Chicago. That was the realization of one dream. City mission work was certainly absorbing. Then, in a morning lecture one day, somebody—I don't know who, said something, I have now forgotten just what, but I let go all my cherished

prejudices and became a Student Volunteer with a "purpose if God permit to become a foreign missionary." There were no more detours. Finishing the Bible course, I went to a Kindergarten Training School for two years, after my appointment to the Bengal-Orissa field.

In the fall of 1909 with the best colleague in the world, Amy Coe, I started for India. A lifetime of the best service I can give is little indeed for the enrichment that has come to me personally. Enlarged vision, the happiest associations, strong friendships, and a comradeship in service with the Master which could not, it seems, have been mine in any other way, because I am sure India was His choice of a field of service for me.

Some one has said that his first term on the foreign field the missionary works for the Master, his second he works with the Master and the third he lets the Master work through him. There is much truth in that, though we would like to omit the first two stages, and have the third one true all the time. It is easy, so to speak, to get "lost in the stuff," or amid the multiplicity of details to lose sight for the moment of the ultimate aim.

Evangelism like a golden thread makes beautiful and of inestimable value every bit of mission work I have come to know anything about during my seven years on the field. I have to confess that educational work did not appeal to me, even after my own appointment to that work in the Balasore Girls' Schools. For a time it seemed that every one who came home on furlough, and some who didn't, managed to leave me a school. When my own furlough became due I had in my charge, to leave my successor, six schools and 230 Zenana pupils instructed by thirty native teachers, and I thoroughly believe that aside from the Christian Church itself, the school, whether for Christian or non-Christian pupils, can be and in most cases is the strongest evangelizing force in the country. In quite a number of villages I watched idol shrines disappear and in their places saw spring up a growing Christian Church, the building a schoolhouse during the week and a meeting house on the Sabbath.

From North, South and West of us on the Bengal-Orissa field, comes the sound of abundance of rain. Showers of blessing until there is literally not room to receive it. Far greater things than the day of Pentecost saw are happening now in India and have been for the past five years and more. Not only thousands but hundreds of thousands of low caste people are turning their faces toward the light, are asking for the best things life can give them, the Christian home, and church and school. Bengal-Orissa has not had to meet the problems such an ingathering as that brings, but there is a steady growth of the church, and in many villages a growing nucleus upon which to build a Christian community. There are trained and loyal native young men and women ready to go to these places and hold high the shining lamp of faith. God grant that we may be ready for the showers which are as likely, perhaps, to fall on us next as any place.

I have been asked many times during my furlough what I consider the most important requirements of a missionary. My answer is probably not original and certainly not complete, but I believe three stand first in my mind and that the second is most important: good health, consecrated common sense, and all the best training one can get. God calls such people to work for him. One of the greatest inspirations I have had in the home-land, has been meeting young men and women whom God has definitely called and separated for his work in foreign lands. Every one's call comes in a little different manner, but the commission is the same. Go ye and make disciples of all nations.

—Zion's Advocate

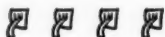
My business is not to remake myself,
But to make the absolute best of what God made.

—Robert Browning.

It's the song ye sing, and the smiles ye wear,
That's a-making the sun shine everywhere.

—James Whitcomb Riley

A Message From Our President.



The tide flowing into our treasury ebbed low. The hearts of those carrying the responsibility sorrowed with their seeming helplessness.

Then they said, "Let us come to God with thank offerings for past mercies and 'prove Him therewith.' " His answer was a great blessing, not only in our treasury alone, but in our hearts as well.

That was twenty-eight years ago and year by year, since then, in the early spring the "Call to Thank offering" has gone out; we have met in May.

And year by year our enrichment has followed.

It has come to be a service so precious to us that we desire to carry it with us into our new relationship. And surely the new fellowship we enjoy is added cause for gratitude.

We gladly extend the invitation to all our friends, both new and old, to enter, with us, "into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise."

Dainty invitations to this service may be had, free, by addressing Miss Edyth R. Porter, 47 Andover Street, Peabody, Mass., and helps for the program will be found, as usual, in the April HELPER.

LUCY P. DURGIN

TWENTY-NINTH THANK OFFERING CALL

For twenty-eight years we, as Free Baptist women, have sent out our Thank Offering call. This has proven a great blessing to the thousands who have responded. Not alone has our treasury been helped, but with the call has come to us the privilege of stopping to count our blessings and with ever-increasing thankfulness have we given ourselves as well as our substance in answer to it.

As this precious privilege and custom "go forward with us into union" we are glad that the inspiration and blessing of its observance are to know only the bounds of the larger sisterhood. We are glad, too, that in the passing days of co-operation we are coming to know the meaning of sisterhood as never before. Just as our Thank Offering came into being in time of stress, in order to make possible larger service, because many doors of opportunity invited our attention as never before, so the present call comes—although in time of greater stress, greater opportunity, wide-open doors and unlimited need.

During the past year, as in all previous times, in all situations of stress and anxiety, our God has never failed us. Let us all share in giving Him a real Thank Offering for the year's blessings and the privilege of sharing in His work, for surely our hearts are overflowing with gratitude for the multitude of tender mercies with which He has surrounded us and for the marked evidence of His guiding Hand.

Considering our blessings: We are thankful for the spirit of selflessness which has shone forth in the offered lives of the manhood of our country and of the world, for the preservation of the Christ ideals, and of womanhood as shown in her all round service to the same end; for the cessation of hostilities; for the hope of the establishment of **World Peace**; for the awakening world conscience—of recognized need and faith in Christ and His Cross to meet that need; for the assurance that "Christian Missions" are seen today to be the most effective instrument for mediating between and bringing together fragments of the human race long isolated, radically different and too often bitterly antago-

nistic; for the results of united world effort which, fixed by a common purpose have shown us what Christian effort can accomplish, if we commit ourselves to the world task with conviction and the will to do.

Turning our thoughts to Storer: We are thankful for the return of Mrs. Metcalf and Miss Coe to share in Storer's work; for the loyalty and bravery of her young men in answering their call to service and in service; for the realization that Storer's educational processes "are shot through with Christian ideals and aims, and thus young men and women go forth from her training to demonstrate magnificently their worth to the nation."

To Bengal-Orissa: We are grateful for the safe return of Dr. and Mrs. Kennan and Dr. and Mrs. Murphy; for Miss Gowen's enthusiastic and compelling presentation of India's work and opportunities; for the new recruits; for the safeguarding of our workers there and for the larger fellowship through whose doors of service we are able to enter more adequately into the accomplishment of the "World Task."

Truly we can cry, What hath God wrought! He is calling us to "attempt great things for Him and to expect great things from Him." This we may do with confidence for His is the silver and the gold, whether material, or as considering the supply of physical and spiritual equipment for service.

With eagerness and assurance then, let us bring our gifts of silver and gold, self and service, making our offering commensurate with our task.

Thank Offering Committee

MRS. IDA L. STILLMAN.

MRS. AMELIA D. CHAPMAN,

DORIS E. FOLSOM

Money is a vitalizing force of the Kingdom largely emphasized in the word of God. The use of it for the Kingdom is made very plain and personal.

Some portion of money is in each one's hands. It may be much,

it may be little. The amount is not important here, but the question of our attitude to God in relation to our money and extension of His Kingdom is of large importance to ourselves, for it touches some of the closest and tenderest personal relations with our Heavenly Father. He asks that some portion of our money be made a free will offering unto Him as an expression of our love to Him and "our neighbor."

God always adapts His plans to human conditions. Channels are prepared through which our money, that is ourselves, can reach those who sit in darkness and bring to them the leaven and the Light. The amount is left to our decision and becomes a vital question requiring in its answer the poise and vision of things eternal which only prayer gives.

— *Selected.*

THANK OFFERING MATERIAL

As the Bureau of Missionary Intelligence has been closed, a few exercises and stories, obtained by it in recent years, suitable for a Thank Offering program, may be obtained until they are closed out, from Miss Edyth R. Porter, 47 Andover Street, Peabody, Mass. These include copies of "What the Thank Offering Means to Us," published by the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society a few years ago. Thank Offering programs and other material may be obtained from the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, Ford Building, Boston, Mass.; or Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, Publication Department, 450 E. 30th Street, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. A. D. CHAPMAN.

Jesus proposes to meet the needs of men through the agency of those that love him. He fed the hungry fishermen. For love of him they must feed those whom he loves. His disciples must go into sweat shops and do what he would do. In legislature, municipal council chambers, and court rooms they must do what the interest of needy men require. He stands for their interests. He spends valuable time in these places.

—Edward Increase Bosworth,
in *Christ in Everyday Life*

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"Information Means Transformation."

TOPICS FOR 1918-1919

| | |
|------------|--|
| September— | Acquaintance Party |
| October— | Oriental Housekeepers |
| November— | Christian Americanization |
| December— | Oriental Women in Industry |
| January— | Broadening Horizons |
| February— | I. Prayer and Praise. II. Christian Literature |
| March— | Story of the Trail Makers |
| April— | A Congress of Women |
| May— | Thank Offering. |
| June— | Training Camps in the Orient |
| July— | Field Day. |

APRIL—A CONGRESS FOR WOMEN.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

OPENING HYMN—"The Church's One Foundation." (*Hymnal*, page 18)

SCRIPTURE READING—Psalm 27.

PRAYER BY LEADER:

O God, our Father, we thank Thee that Thou changest not amid our changes and art not weary in our weariness. In trials that come suddenly, we would take refuge under the shadow of Thy wings. In dull and weary hours be Thou our joy, that we may do our work as in Thy sight. Let darkness bring assurance that Thou art still our light of life. Make our enjoyments higher and dearer with a sense of Thy continual presence. Teach us to use Thy gifts of lovingkindness for aid and sympathy to others. So let our quiet be a reflection of Thy peace, and drudgeries seem but as stones and briars of the path in which we walk with Thee. In the name of Christ. Amen.—*Isaac Ogden Rankin*.

LESSON—Women Workers of the Orient, Chapter V.

The Persian Delegate Speaks, pp. 170-172 (five minutes).

The Turkish Delegate Reports, pp. 172-174 (five minutes).

How We Indian Women Co-operate, pp. 176-185 (ten minutes).

Our Woman's part in China, pp. 185-199 (ten minutes).

The Lady from Japan Rises, pp. 199-202 (five minutes).

The Part of the Christian Missionary, pp. 203-204 (five minutes).

HYMN—"Far, Far Away" (*Hywnal*, page 52.)

CLOSING PRAYER SERVICE:

Sentence prayers for the women of every land, ending with the repeating in concert of John 17: 15-23.

Our Quiet Hour

And is the time approaching, by prophets long foretold,
 When all shall dwell together, one Shepherd and one fold?
 Shall every idol perish, to moles and bats be thrown?
 And every prayer be offered to God in Christ alone?
 Shall all that now unites us more sweet and lasting prove,
 A closer bond of union in a blest land of love?
 Shall war be learned no longer? Shall strife and tumult cease?
 All earth His blessed kingdom, the Lord and Prince of Peace!

—*Samuel Smith.*

Does religion create social unity or neutralize it? Does prayer isolate or connect? Has the force of religion in human history done more to divide or to consolidate men?

Evidently religion may work both ways, and all who are interested in it must see to it that their religion does not escape control and wreck fraternity. Even mystic prayer and contemplation which is commonly regarded as the flower of religious life, may make men indifferent to their fellows.

It is worth noting that the prayer experiences of Jesus were not ascetic or unsocial. They prepared him for action. When he went into the desert after his baptism it was to settle the principles on which his Messianic work was to be done; his temptations prove that. When he went out from Capernaum to pray a "great while before day," it was to launch his aggressive missionary campaign among the Galilæan villages...Prayer is Christian only if it makes us realize our fellows more keenly and affectionately.

It is one thing to praise love and another thing to practise it. We may theorize about society and ourselves be contrary and selfish units in it. Social unity is an achievement. A loving mind toward our fellows is the prize of a lifetime...How can it be evoked and cultivated in us? That is one of the most important problems in education. Can it be solved without religious influences? Love will not up at the bidding. We can observe the fact that personal discipleship of Christ has given some persons in our acquaintance a rare capacity for love, for social sympathy, for peaceableness, for all the society-making qualities. We can make test of the fact for ourselves that every real contact with him gives us an acces-

sion or fraternity and greater fitness for nobler social unity. It makes us good fellows.

The man who intelligently realizes the Chinese and the Zulu as his brothers with whom he must share the earth is an ampler mind—other things being equal—than the man who can think of humanity only in pale-faces. The consciousness of humanity will have to be wrought out just as the consciousness of nationality was gradually acquired. He who has it is ahead of his time, and a pioneer of the future. The missionary puts himself in the position to acquire that wider sense of solidarity. By becoming a neighbor to remote people he broadens their conception of humanity and his own, and then can be an interpreter of his new friends and to his old friends. The interest in foreign missions has, in fact, been a prime educational force carrying a world-wide consciousness of solidarity into thousands of plain minds and homes that would otherwise have been provincial in their horizon.

A world-wide civilization must have a common monotheistic faith as its spiritual basis. Such a faith must be unitive and not divisive. What the world needs is a religion with a powerful sense of solidarity.

From "The Social Principles of Jesus"

By Walter Rauschenbusch.

IN MEMORIAM

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore:
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

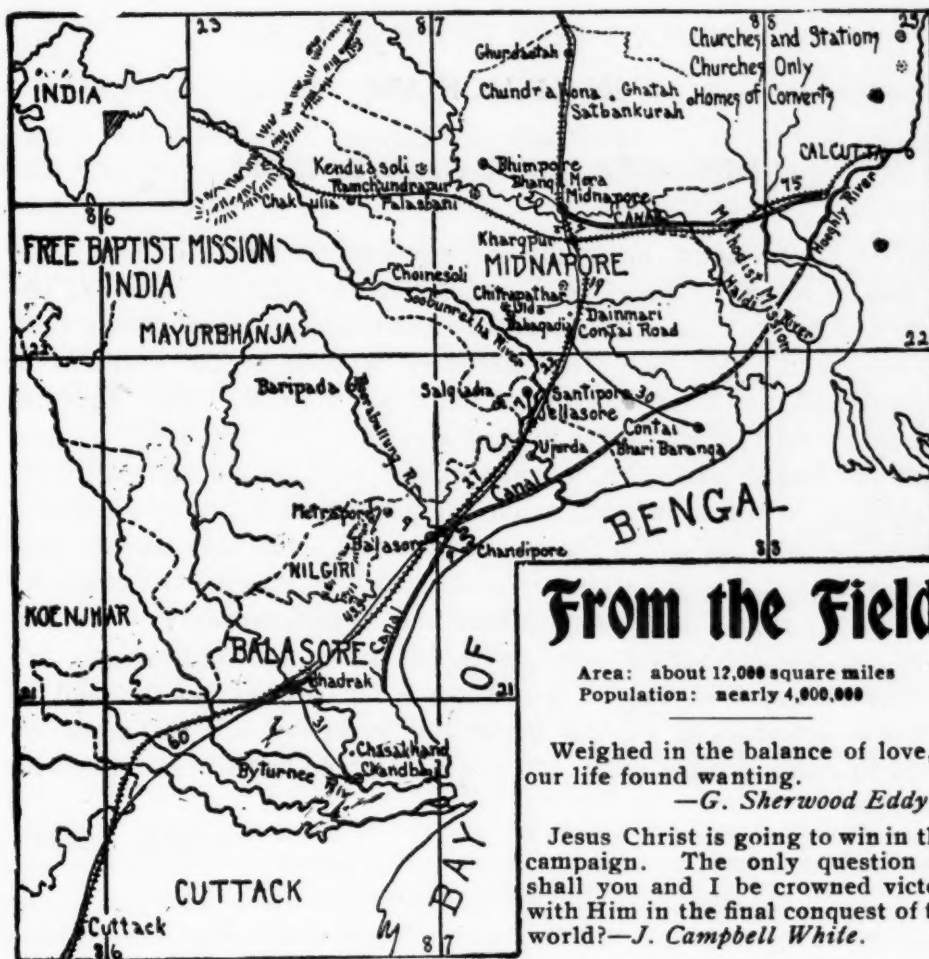
—Lord Lytton

Mrs. Sarah W. Brown, Hampton, N. H. December 19, 1918.

Mrs. Adeline Hinckley Cargill, Greenville, R. I. December 7, 1918

Mrs. Herbert L. Ricker, Providence, R. I. December 9, 1918.

"I wish, I can, I will—These are the three trumpet notes to victory."



From the Field

Area: about 12,000 square miles
Population: nearly 4,000,000

Weighed in the balance of love, is
our life found wanting.

—G. Sherwood Eddy.

Jesus Christ is going to win in this
campaign. The only question is,
shall you and I be crowned victors
with Him in the final conquest of the
world?—J. Campbell White.

God bless our heralds of the Light,
Who sail from home and land away,
To find Thy children lost in night,
And bring them to Christ's glorious day.

God bless the work to which they go,
Help them the Christ to live and teach;
May Thine own love their hearts o'erflow,
To heal and bless each soul they reach.

—Ida Hunneman.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. AGER, MISSIONARY IN INDIA

Letters from India bring the sad news of the death of Mrs. Ager. She passed away at Balasore, December tenth, after an illness of but twenty-four hours. Mr. Ager was away and unable to reach home until after her death. Mr. and Mrs. Ager were baptised by Dr. Coldren at Chandbali and soon after joined the staff of our mission. Mrs. Ager has given nearly thirty-five years to mission service. She possessed a most devout and consecrated spirit, always willing to take the hardest place, and although at times suffering much, she never complained or slighted in the least the work for which she was responsible. She was born in England and enjoyed a most careful training. She had the rare art of saying and doing the right thing in a most kind and considerate way. We had known and admired her for many years, but before leaving Bhimpore we had the privilege of having her in our home for several months, and in the closer associations of the home and everyday life and work, we learned to appreciate her spirit and worth as would have been otherwise impossible.

—Howard R. Murphy.

"Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

—Selected.

LETTER FROM MISS COOMBS

December fourteen. We are again bereaved! This time it is Mrs. Ager who has left us so unexpectedly that we stand bewildered! Stricken with what seemed at first a slight paralytic shock, she gradually lost consciousness and slipped away. Mr. Ager was away from home and though they sent messengers for him at once, she had been gone several hours before he could get here, which of course makes it doubly hard for him to bear. They were living here temporarily while he is superintending the building of the new Girls' schoolhouse. Our poor shorthanded mission can ill spare one, and especially one so faithful and earnest as Mrs. Ager.

I visited Beebee Phillips Howells on the occasion of the celebration of the Serampore College Centennary. She invited Dr. Mary and me and also Mrs. Holder and Doris, and said she would like to invite the whole mission if she only had room. Dr. Mary couldn't go because the fourth wave of the epidemic was just then going through the Orphanage and she couldn't leave, which was a sore disappointment. Beebee's husband, Dr. Howells, is president of the college and it is through his efforts that the college has been rescued from a cramped condition to a wide-awake, up-to-date institution quite able to compete with others.

Our yearly meeting was held here in November, having been postponed from October on account of the epidemic, and as the time in November drew near there was a decided lull in the attacks and we were happily disappointed in the number of delegates that came and rejoiced that every one of the missionaries was present. It really was remarkable that in the midst of such wide-spread ills they were all able to come. You will have heard of the arrival of little Miss Jane Krause only a few days before the meeting and that of course cut Mrs. Krause off from the list of hostesses and Mrs. Hartly and I divided the guests among ourselves, though Mr. Krause held on to Dr. Murphy and Mr. Long the most of the time. I rather patted myself on the back that I took care of a family of ten grown-ups and four children. Our yearly meeting was a good one and one new step was taken which we trust is a forward one. It was the forming of what was called an "Evangelistic Board" consisting of six of our Indian Brethren and three missionaries to take the responsibility of the Evangelistic work of the mission—plan for it, work with the preachers and Bible women, direct their itineraries and handle the money for carrying on the work. This gives them much more responsibility than they have ever had

before and is an experiment. We hope it will be a successful one.

The bands of workers are now out in what we call "Mofussil" work for the cool season which means that they are going about from village to village; stopping a few days in some rather important one and visiting the surrounding smaller ones from their tent or tents as a center, and then going on. In Bhimpore this week is their annual Teachers' Convention which Mr. Oxrieder proposes to make as evangelistic as possible this year, and our good, faithful brother Natabor Singh who was put at the head of the new "Evangelistic Board" is to be there to help. We are praying that many of those who were so nearly persuaded last year to break away from their old customs may this year take the important step.

The Influenza has been very bad here, and poor Dr. Mary is just about ready to drop. There have been twenty, twenty-five and even thirty of the girls down at a time, but as yet no deaths. Just now they are all convalescing but one, about whom she is very anxious. Into this came the shock of Mrs. Ager's sickness and death and Dr. Mary was with her most of the time. Now today the Krause baby is very sick and she has been down there twice and is anxious about it. She has not as yet had the "flu" though all the rest of us have. In all the years I've been here I've not had fever until this outbreak and now I've had it twice. Miss Porter has had it three times and the rest of us more or less. We are now praying that Dr. Mary may be kept from it. Our last home letters bring us the news that it has reached there and in spite of science and medicine is taking its heavy toll. These letters were written the first of October. We can hope it has passed on by this time—if only it would stay past when once it has gone but it returns again and again.

The war has taken us by surprise by stopping so unexpectedly. It will be good if we can get back to some regularity about our mails, though I know that was only one of the slight discomforts of the war and not worthy to be counted a discomfort when we remember poor devastated France and Belgium. Home letters are *such* a treat, though, and we get very hungry for them.

December eighteenth. It comes to me that I have not mentioned that Dr. Murphy has left us for his furlough and that is a big oversight, for his going has left us orphaned indeed. However, he hopes to get back sooner than usual, and I do hope he will, for we are needing men sadly. Mr. and Mrs. Howard are due to go in the spring and that will be three

within the year and no new ones coming. We are all in the dark about Miss Barnard's coming for we hear that the Santa Cruz on which she was coming was taken off at the last minute, and we know nothing of Miss. Barnard since.

Another thing we did at the Annual Conference was to choose a kind of publicity committee to keep urging the missionaries to write for the various publications of the Baptists and get them to know more of the Bengal-Orissa mission. I am one of the committee and mean to do my duty.

The Krause baby is better today and the very sick girls somewhat improved, so we feel much encouraged.

Junior's

TO THE SOWER

An Angel paused in his onward flight
With a seed of love, and truth, and light,
And cried, "Oh' where shall this seed be sown
That it yield most fruit when fully grown?"
The Saviour heard; and he said, as he smiled,
' Place it for me in the heart of a child."

—Mrs. A. M. Alger in the *Sunday School Times*.

HER GIFT

The minister's eyes swept with intense searching the faces of his congregation. He had made an appeal for help in the support of a little mission church among the mountains—a section where rough men and women knew scarcely anything of God and the religion of Christ. He had hoped to inspire the people with the spirit of giving, to make them feel that it was a sweet, blessed privilege, and—he had failed. A deep sense of desolation crept over him.

“God help me,” his lips murmured mutely. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the Church—a figure that was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

“Lord Jesus,” the little one was saying brokenly, “I ain’t got nothin’ ter give; I want the people of the mountain to hear ’bout my Saviour. O, Lord, I ain’t got nothin’ ter—”

What was it that made the child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart? “Yes, you have, Maggie,” whispered a voice from somewhere; “you’ve got your crutch, your beautiful crutch that was give ter you, and is worth a lot of shinin’ dollars. You kin give up your best frien’ what helps you to git into the park where the birds sing and takes you to preachin’ and makes your life happy.”

“Oh no, Lord,” sobbed the child, choking and shivering. “Yes, yes, I will! He gave up more’n that for me.”

Blindly she extended the polished crutch and placed it in the hand of the deacon who was taking up the scanty collection. For a moment the man was puzzled; then comprehending her meaning, he carried her crutch to the front of the church and laid it on the table in front of the old pulpit. The minister stepped down from the rostrum and held up the crutch with shaking hands. The sublimity of the renunciation unnerved him so that he could not speak for a moment.

"Do you see it, my people," he faltered at last; "little crippled Maggie's crutch—all that she has to make life comfortable? She has given it to the Lord, and you—"

There was a moment of silence. The people flushed and moved restlessly in their pews.

"Does anyone want to contribute to the mission cause the amount of money this crutch would bring, and give it back to the child who is so helpless without it?" the minister asked gravely.

"Fifty dollars," came in husky tones from the banker.

"Twenty-five."

"One hundred."

And so the subscribing went on, until papers equivalent to \$600 were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

"Ah, you have found your hearts—thank God! Let us receive the benediction," almost whispered the minister, as he suddenly extended his hands, which were trembling with emotion. Little Maggie, absorbed in the magnitude of her offering and the love that prompted it, comprehended nothing that had taken place. She had no thought for the future, or how she would reach her humble home, or of the days in which she would sit helpless in her chair, as she had once done.

Christ had demanded her all, and she had given it, with the blind faith of an Abraham. She understood better when a woman's arms drew her into close embrace, and soft lips whispered in her ear, "Maggie, dear, your crutch has made \$600 for the mission church among the mountains, and has come back to stay with you again. Take it little one."

Like a flash of light there came the consciousness that in some mysterious way her gift had been accepted of God and returned to her, and with a cry of joy the child caught the beloved crutch to her lonely heart; then smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverential eyes, she hobbled out of the sanctuary.—The Standard.

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for January 1919

All money, including Thank Offerings, intended for church apportionment credit, should be sent to District Treasurers and Joint Secretaries, Home and foreign; but gifts not intended for church apportionment may still be sent to the treasury of F. B. W. M. Society, and such gifts, when so specified, may be applied on life membership.

| MAINE | | MICHIGAN | |
|--|---------|---|----------|
| East Limerick, for F B W M Society work in India | \$ 5 00 | Batavia Aux for Storer College | 1 75 |
| Newport, Mrs Elizabeth Kinney for Harmonie S O | 10 00 | West Cambria Mission Band, 2 shares sal'y Miss E E Barnes | 8 00 |
| Ocean Park, Mrs M A W Bachelder for Contingent Fund | 5 00 | WISCONSIN | |
| Troy, Friends of Miss Gowen for Kheroda Mishra in S O | 24 00 | Madison, Mrs Ellen A Capp for work of Bengal-Orissa | 35 00 |
| West Lebanon, Income Dearborn Fund | 7 77 | MINNESOTA | |
| A Friend, Special Thank Offering for Contingent Fund | 5 00 | Wadena, Mrs J P Burkholder, Phillips' Family pledge for sal'y Mrs I M Holder | 25 00 |
| NEW HAMPSHIRE | | MISSOURI | |
| Bristol Baptist Church, Missionary Society for support Monolini, S O | 25 00 | Clinton, Mr H P Faris, Cut Fund HELPER in memory Mrs N W Whitcomb, \$2.50; in memory Mrs M S Waterman, \$2.50 | 5 00 |
| Bristol Baptist Church, SS for support Ujjolla, S O | 25 00 | MONTANA | |
| Centre Sandwich, W M S for Contingent Fund | 14 00 | Hot Springs, Miss Ethel M Van Vliet for support of Parboti in S O | 25 00 |
| Pittsfield, Aux | 2 00 | MISCELLANEOUS | |
| MASSACHUSETTS | | Income: | |
| Haverhill, Winter Street Anx Sustaining Fund: HELPER, \$5.00; Storer College, \$5.00 | 10 00 | Susan Prescott Porter Mem'l Fund | 25 00 |
| Lawrence First F B Church, for Storer College | 40 00 | Sundry for Storer | 2 25 |
| RHODE ISLAND | | Edwin and Susan J R Babb for Bengal-Orissa | 5 00 |
| Pawtucket, Broadway F B W M S for Storer | 10 00 | Betsy French Dyer Mem'l for S O | 7 50 |
| NEW YORK | | Hanson Fund, Hanson Sch, Balasore | 9 00 |
| Port Dickinson Bapt Ch, S S for Priscilla S O | 5 00 | January 1919 total | \$361 27 |
| WEST VIRGINIA | | EDYTH R. PORTER, Treasurer | |
| Harper's Ferry, Miss Sarah Benedict for school in Bengal-Orissa | 25 00 | 47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass. | |

FORM OF REQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

